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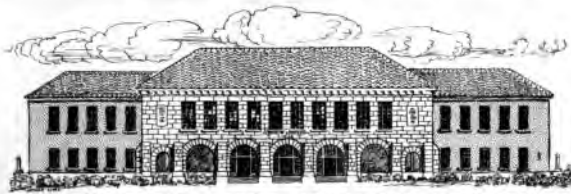


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# STORY HOUR READERS --- BOOK ONE



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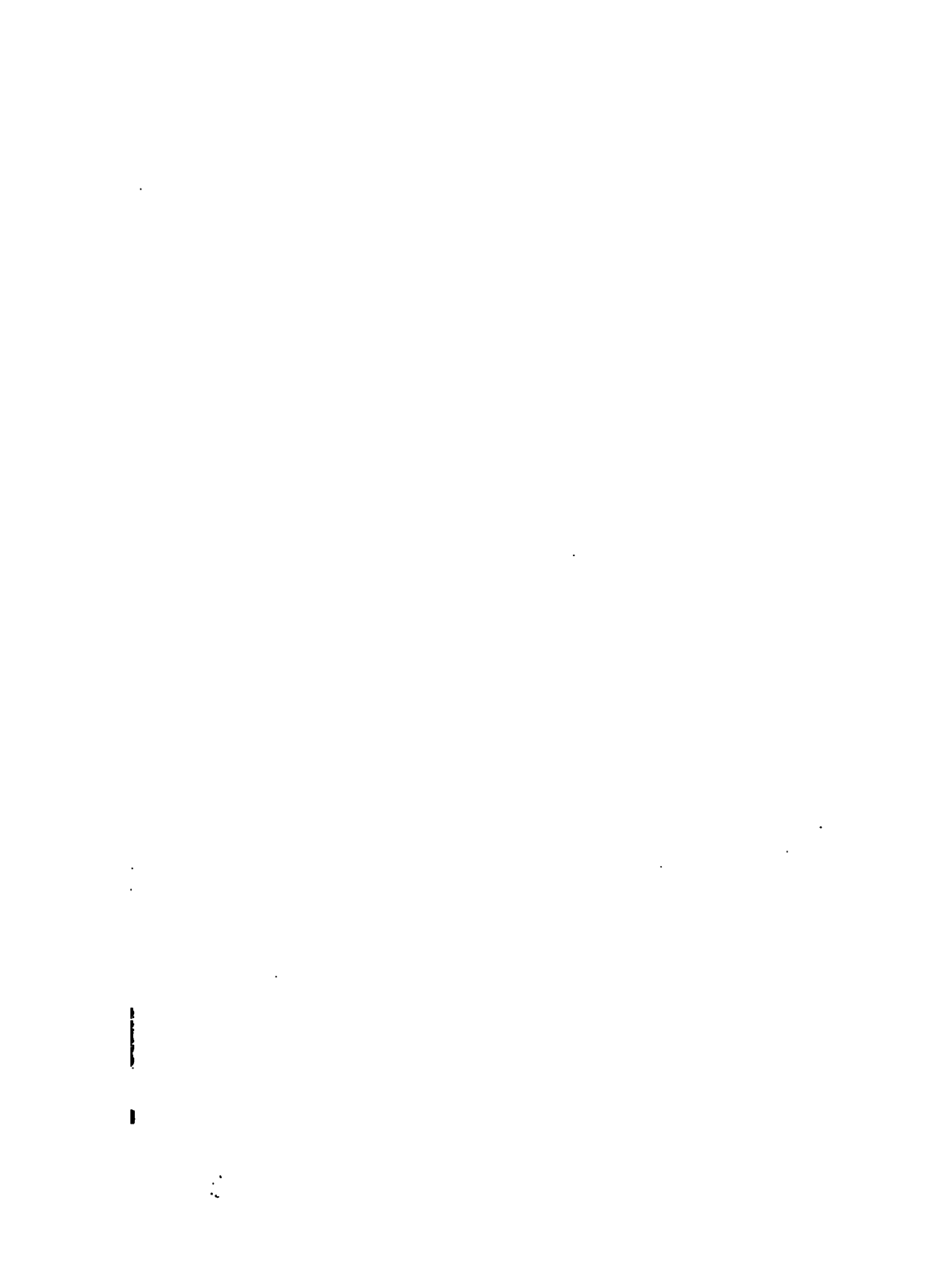


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# STORY HOUR READERS

FIRST YEAR — SECOND HALF

## BOOK ONE

BY  
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STORY HOUR READERS

BOOK ONE

W. P. 3

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Cock crows in the morn  
To tell us to rise,  
And he who lies late  
Will never be wise.

For early to bed,  
And early to rise,  
Is the way to be healthy,  
And wealthy, and wise.



## PIGGY WIG'S HOUSE

Piggy Wig lived in a pen.

He did not like his pen.

Piggy said, "I will build a house."

So he went to the forest  
for some wood.

On the way he met Peter Rabbit.

"How do you do, Piggy Wig!"  
said Peter Rabbit.

"Where are you going  
this bright morning?"

"I do not like my pen,"  
said Piggy Wig.

"I am going to build a house."

"May I go along and help you?"  
asked Peter Rabbit.

“What can you do?”  
asked Piggy Wig.

“Do you see my sharp teeth?  
I can gnaw the trees  
and get the wood for your house,”  
said Peter Rabbit.





“Then you are the very one I want,”  
said Piggy Wig.

“Come along with me.”

They walked along  
till they met Gray Duck.

“Quack, quack!  
How do you do, Piggy Wig!”  
said Gray Duck.

“Where are you going  
this bright morning?”





“I do not like my pen,”  
said Piggy Wig.

“I am going to build a house.”

“May I go along and help you?”  
asked Gray Duck.

“What can you do?”  
asked Piggy Wig.

“Do you see my nice flat bill?  
I can carry mud in it  
and help to plaster your house,”  
said Gray Duck.



“Come along with me,” said Piggy.  
“You are the very one I want.”

Very soon they met White Cock.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!

How do you do, Piggy Wig!”  
said White Cock.

“Where are you going  
this bright morning?”

“I do not like my pen,” said Piggy.  
“I am going to build a house.”

“May I go along?” asked White Cock.

“What can you do?” asked Piggy.

“I can crow in the morning  
and wake you,” said White Cock.

“I will be your clock.

Hear me crow. Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

“Very well,” said Piggy Wig.

“Come along with me.”

Soon they came to the forest.

Peter Rabbit gnawed the wood.

Piggy Wig nailed the boards.

Gray Duck plastered the house.

And White Cock

crowed every morning

when it was time to rise.



There was a piper had a goat.

He had no grass to give her.

He took his pipe and played a tune,

“Consider, goat, consider!”

The goat considered very well,

And gave the man a penny,

That he might play the other 'tune,

Of, “Apples there are many.”



## BILLY GOAT AND THE WOLF

Billy Goat

was eating grass in the meadow.

His mother, Nanny Goat,  
was eating grass in the meadow, too.

Billy Goat ran after a butterfly.

He chased the butterfly  
into the woods.

It grew very dark,  
and Billy Goat became frightened.

He heard a fierce growl, — “Gr-r!”

There stood a big, hungry Wolf.

“Gr-r! I am going to eat you,”  
said the Wolf.

“Have you anything to say  
before I eat you?”

“I know that you can kill me,”  
said Billy Goat.

“But may I ask a favor  
before you do?”

“What do you wish, Billy Goat?”

“Will you play for me to dance?  
I have heard  
that you play well,”  
said Billy Goat.

“Yes, I will,” said the Wolf.

So the Wolf played the music,  
and Billy Goat danced.

By and by the Wolf stopped playing.

“It is time for my dinner,” said he.

“Please play once more,  
only once more,” said Billy Goat.

“You play so well, so very well,  
I could dance all day to your music.”



“Very well, I will,” said the Wolf.  
And he played once more  
for Billy Goat to dance.

The dogs heard the music  
and came to see who was playing.

So the Wolf had to run for his life.

Billy Goat scampered away, too.

As he ran down the road  
he saw his mother  
coming to look for him.

“Oh, Mother!” he cried.  
“The dogs are coming!”

“Let us run and hide,”  
said Nanny Goat.

They ran back to the meadow.  
And Billy Goat  
never chased a butterfly again.





The Queen of Hearts,  
She made some tarts,  
    All on a summer's day.  
The Knave of Hearts,  
He stole those tarts,  
    And with them ran away.



## TOMMY TART

One day the Queen of Hearts  
was making some tarts.

While she was making them  
she said to herself,  
“I will make a nice little boy  
out of these tarts.”

So she made Tommy Tart  
and put him into the oven to bake.

The Knave of Hearts saw Tommy Tart  
put into the oven.

He said, "I will open the oven door  
and steal Tommy Tart."

So he opened the oven door,  
and out jumped Tommy Tart.

Tommy Tart ran across the floor  
and out of the door.

"Stop running! I wish to eat you,"  
called the Knave of Hearts.

But Tommy Tart ran down the road.  
The Knave of Hearts ran after him.  
Tommy Tart laughed and shouted,

"Run, run!

You'll be smart,  
If you can catch  
Tommy Tart."



The Knave of Hearts saw Tommy Tart  
put into the oven.

He said, "I will open the oven door  
and steal Tommy Tart."

So he opened the oven door,  
and out jumped Tommy Tart.

Tommy Tart ran across the floor  
and out of the door.

"Stop running! I wish to eat you,"  
called the Knave of Hearts.

But Tommy Tart ran down the road.  
The Knave of Hearts ran after him.  
Tommy Tart laughed and shouted,

"Run, run!

You'll be smart,  
If you can catch  
Tommy Tart."





And the Knave of Hearts  
could not catch him.

Tommy Tart ran down the road  
till he met Peter Rabbit.

“Stop running!” called Peter Rabbit.

“I wish to eat you.”

Tommy Tart said,

“I have run away  
from the Queen of Hearts,  
and the Knave of Hearts,  
and I can run away from you, too,  
if you give me a start.

Run, run!

You’ll be smart,

If you can catch

Tommy Tart.”

“We’ll see about that,”

said Peter Rabbit.

And he ran after Tommy Tart.

But Peter Rabbit  
could not catch him.



By and by he met Frisky Lamb.

“Stop running!” called Frisky Lamb.

“I wish to eat you.”

Tommy Tart said,

“I have run away  
from the Queen of Hearts,  
the Knave of Hearts,  
and Peter Rabbit,  
and I can run away from you, too,  
if you give me a start.

Run, run!

You’ll be smart,

If you can catch

Tommy Tart.”

“Indeed!” cried Frisky Lamb.

And he ran after Tommy Tart.

Frisky Lamb could not catch him.



On and on ran Tommy Tart  
till he met Bruin Bear.

“Stop running!” called Bruin Bear.  
“You look so sweet  
I wish to eat you.”

Tommy Tart said,  
“I have run away  
from the Queen of Hearts,  
the Knave of Hearts,  
Peter Rabbit,  
and Frisky Lamb,  
and I can run away from you, too,  
if you give me a start.

Run, run!

You'll be smart,

If you can catch

Tommy Tart.”

“Are you sure?” asked Bruin Bear.

And he ran after Tommy Tart.

Bruin Bear could not catch him.

“Nobody can ever catch me,”  
said Tommy Tart.



In the tall grass sat Red Fox.  
“Hello, hello!” called Red Fox,  
as Tommy Tart rushed by.  
Tommy Tart stopped running.  
He went back to talk to Red Fox.

He said, "I have run away  
from the Queen of Hearts,  
the Knave of Hearts,  
Peter Rabbit,  
Frisky Lamb,  
and Bruin Bear,  
and I can run away from you, too,  
if you give me a start.

Run, run!

You'll be smart,  
If you can catch  
Tommy Tart."

"I do not wish to catch you,"  
said Red Fox.

"Come and rest in this cool grass."

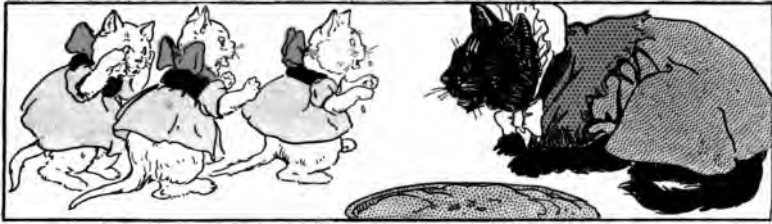
"I am afraid that you will eat me,"  
said Tommy Tart.

“Why should I?” said Red Fox.  
“You are too sweet.”  
Tommy Tart came a little nearer.  
“Come and have a drink of water.  
You must be thirsty,” said Red Fox.  
“Thank you, I will,”  
said Tommy Tart.



But as he stooped  
to drink the water,  
snap went Red Fox's teeth,  
and Tommy Tart was gone.





## THREE LITTLE KITTENS

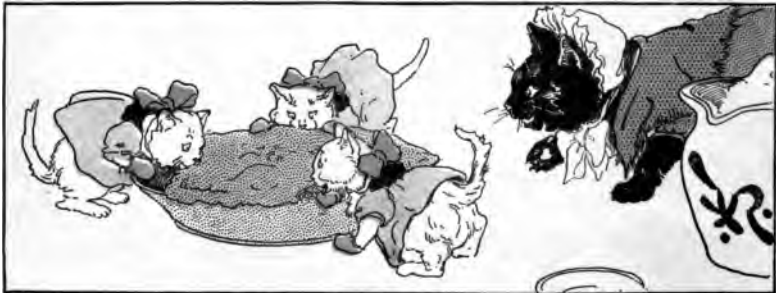
Three little kittens  
They lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
“Oh, mother dear,  
We sadly fear,  
Our mittens we have lost.”

“What, lost your mittens!  
You naughty kittens!  
Then you shall have no pie.  
Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow,  
Then you shall have no pie.”



The three little kittens  
They found their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
“Oh, mother dear,  
See here, see here!  
Our mittens we have found.”

“What, found your mittens!  
You darling kittens!  
Then you shall have some pie.  
Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow,  
Then you shall have some pie.”



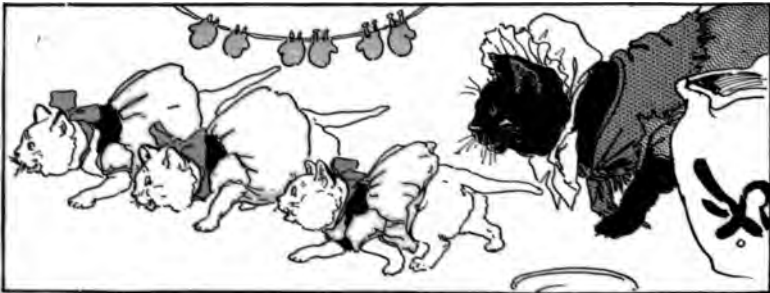


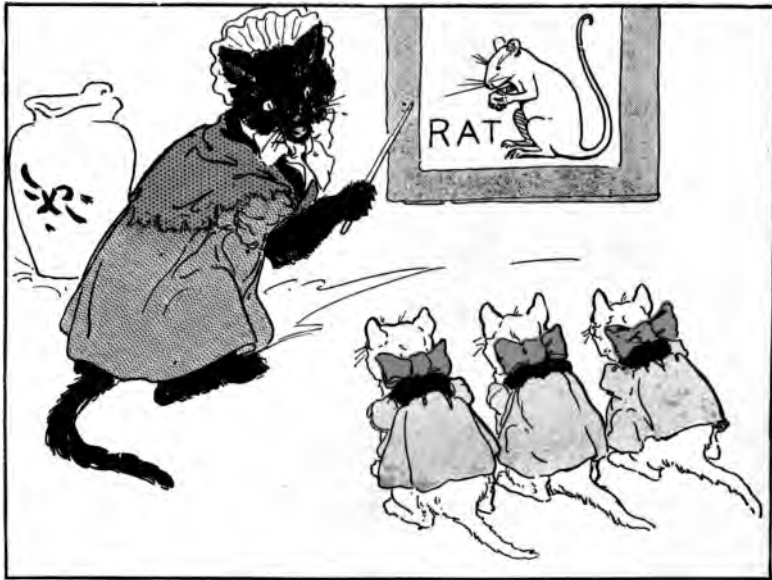
The three little kittens  
Put on their mittens,  
And soon ate up the pie.  
“Oh, mother dear,  
We sadly fear,  
Our mittens we have soiled.”

“What, soiled your mittens!  
You naughty kittens!”  
Then they began to sigh,  
“Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow.”  
Then they began to sigh.

The three little kittens  
They washed their mittens,  
And hung them up to dry.  
“Oh, mother dear,  
See here, see here!  
Our mittens we have washed.”

“What, washed your mittens!  
You darling kittens!  
I smell a rat close by.  
Hush, hush, hush!  
I smell a rat close by.”





## FRISKY, SKIPPY, AND TRIXY

Once upon a time,  
Mother Black Cat lived in a barn  
with her three little kittens.

One kitten was named Frisky.

One was named Skippy.

And one was named Trixy.



One day Mother Black Cat said,  
“Children, I am going to the house.  
If you are good  
while I am away,  
I will bring you some pie.  
You may go out to play  
in the barn yard.  
It is very cold to-day,  
so put on your mittens.”

“Yes, Mother dear,”  
said the three little kittens.

So the three little kittens  
went out to play in the barn yard.

Skippy said,  
“Let us play Tag,  
and I will be *It*.”

So the three little kittens  
took off their mittens  
and played Tag.

Very soon Mother Black Cat  
came home from the big house,  
and the three little kittens  
ran to meet her.

“Have you been good kittens?”

“Oh, yes, very good!”  
said the three little kittens.



Then Mother Black Cat said,  
“Why, where are your mittens?”

“Oh, mother dear,  
We sadly fear,  
Our mittens we have lost.”

“Then you shall have no pie.  
Go and find your mittens,  
you naughty kittens.”

The three little kittens  
went into the barn yard  
to hunt for their mittens.

Frisky found her mittens  
in the hay.

Skippy found her mittens  
under the leaves.

Trixy found her mittens  
near the fence.

The kittens went to their mother,  
and they began to cry,

“Oh, mother dear,

See here, see here!

Our mittens we have found.”

“What, found your mittens!

You darling kittens!

Then you shall have some pie.”





Trixy said,  
“Let us put on our mittens.”

So the three little kittens  
put on their mittens.

Mother Black Cat said,  
“Here is some pie.”

She cut three pieces  
for the little kittens.

“Oh, Skippy,” said Frisky,  
“you have soiled your mittens!”

“Look at your own mittens.  
They are soiled,” said Skippy.

“Oh, look at Trixy’s mittens!  
They are soiled, too.”

“Oh, mother dear,  
We sadly fear,  
Our mittens we have soiled.”

“Go and wash your mittens,  
you naughty kittens.”

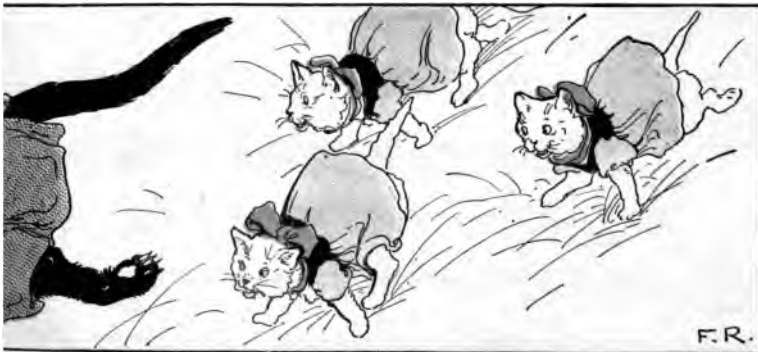
They washed their mittens,  
and hung them up to dry.

“Oh, mother dear,  
See here, see here!

Our mittens we have washed.”

“You darling kittens!  
I smell a rat close by.”

And the three little kittens  
scampered after the rat.





There was an Old Woman  
Who lived in a shoe.  
She had so many children  
She didn't know what to do.  
She gave them some broth  
Without any bread.  
She gave them a spanking  
And put them to bed.



## THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

The Old Woman who lived in a shoe  
found a gold dollar.

She went to market  
and bought a Pig. Then she said,  
“Pig, let us go home.”

But the Pig would not go home.

Then she went to a Dog and said,  
“Dog, Dog, bite Pig;



The Pig will not go home.

See by the moonlight,

It's almost midnight,—

Time to go home,

An hour ago.”

“No,” said the Dog, “I will not.”

Then the Old Woman met a Stick.

The Old Woman said,

“Stick, Stick, beat Dog;

The Dog will not bite the Pig;

The Pig will not go home.

See by the moonlight,

It's almost midnight,—

Time to go home,

An hour ago.”

“No,” said the Stick, “I will not.”



Then the Old Woman met a Fire.  
She said,  
“Fire, Fire, burn Stick;  
The Stick will not beat the Dog;  
The Dog will not bite the Pig;  
The Pig will not go home.

See by the moonlight,  
It's almost midnight, —  
Time to go home,  
An hour ago."

"No," said the Fire, "I will not."  
Then the Old Woman met the Water.  
She said,

"Water, Water, quench Fire;  
The Fire will not burn the Stick;  
The Stick will not beat the Dog;  
The Dog will not bite the Pig;  
The Pig will not go home.

See by the moonlight,  
It's almost midnight, —  
Time to go home,  
An hour ago."

"No," said the Water, "I will not."



The Old Woman walked on and on  
till she met an Ox.

She said,

“Ox, Ox, drink Water;  
The Water will not quench the Fire;  
The Fire will not burn the Stick;  
The Stick will not beat the Dog;  
The Dog will not bite the Pig;  
The Pig will not go home.

See by the moonlight,  
It's almost midnight, —  
Time to go home,  
An hour ago.”

“No,” said the Ox, “I will not.”

Then the Old Woman met a Butcher.

The Old Woman said,  
“Butcher, Butcher, kill Ox;



The Ox will not drink the Water;  
The Water will not quench the Fire;  
The Fire will not burn the Stick;  
The Stick will not beat the Dog;  
The Dog will not bite the Pig;  
The Pig will not go home.



See by the moonlight,  
It's almost midnight, —  
Time to go home,  
An hour ago."

"No," said the Butcher, "I will not."

Then the Old Woman met a Rope.

She said,

“Rope, Rope, hang Butcher;  
The Butcher will not kill the Ox;  
The Ox will not drink the Water;  
The Water will not quench the Fire;  
The Fire will not burn the Stick;  
The Stick will not beat the Dog;  
The Dog will not bite the Pig;  
The Pig will not go home.

See by the moonlight,  
It's almost midnight, —  
Time to go home,  
An hour ago.”

“No,” said the Rope, “I will not.”

The Old Woman walked on  
till she met a Rat.

The Old Woman said,  
“Rat, Rat, gnaw Rope;  
The Rope will not hang the Butcher;  
The Butcher will not kill the Ox;  
The Ox will not drink the Water;  
The Water will not quench the Fire;  
The Fire will not burn the Stick;  
The Stick will not beat the Dog;  
The Dog will not bite the Pig;  
The Pig will not go home.

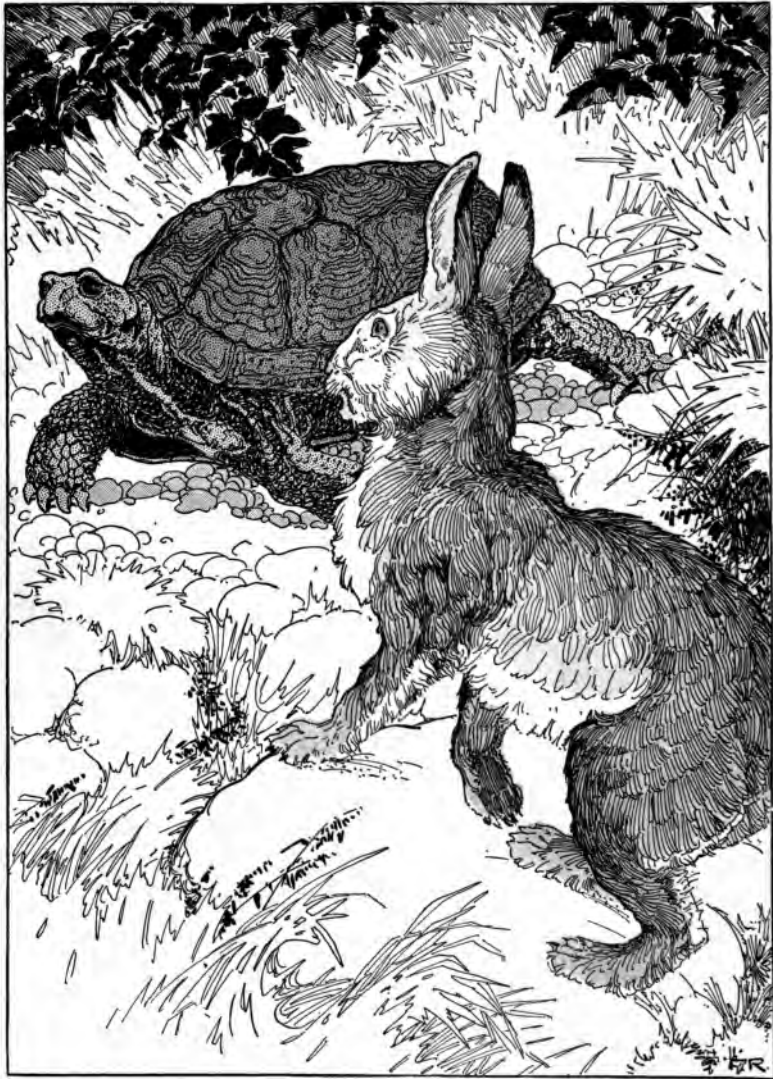
See by the moonlight,  
It's almost midnight, —  
Time to go home,  
An hour ago.”

“Yes, I will,” said the Rat,  
“if you will give me some cheese.”  
So she gave him some cheese.



Then, —

The Rat began to gnaw the Rope;  
The Rope began to hang the Butcher;  
The Butcher began to kill the Ox;  
The Ox began to drink the Water;  
The Water began to quench the Fire;  
The Fire began to burn the Stick;  
The Stick began to beat the Dog;  
The Dog began to bite the Pig;  
And the Pig began to go home.



## THE RACE

Slow-but-Sure was a tortoise.

By-and-By was a hare.

One day Slow-but-Sure  
was creeping along  
when she met By-and-By.

“Good morning, my friend,”  
said By-and-By.

“Do you not wish that you could run  
as fast as I can?”

“You can run very fast,”  
said Slow-but-Sure, “but I think  
that I could beat you in a race.”

“You! beat me in a race!”  
cried By-and-By.

“Oh, we shall see about that!”



“Very well, I am willing,”  
said Slow-but-Sure.

“Here comes Reynard the Fox.  
He shall be judge of the race.”

“Good morning, my friends,”  
said Reynard the Fox.

“What are you talking about?”

“Slow-but-Sure  
says that he can beat me in a race.  
What do you think of that?”  
said By-and-By.

“Perhaps he can,”  
said Reynard the Fox.

“Why don’t you start here  
and run across the fields  
to the great oak tree?”

“Let us try it,” said Slow-but-Sure.



So Reynard the Fox said,  
“Get on your mark.  
Ready — set — go !”  
And off they started.  
By-and-By went like the wind.  
Slow-but-Sure crept slowly along.

The hare ran swiftly  
across one field.

Then he looked back,  
but he could not see the tortoise.

“Oh, what fine clover!  
I shall stop and eat some,”  
said By-and-By.

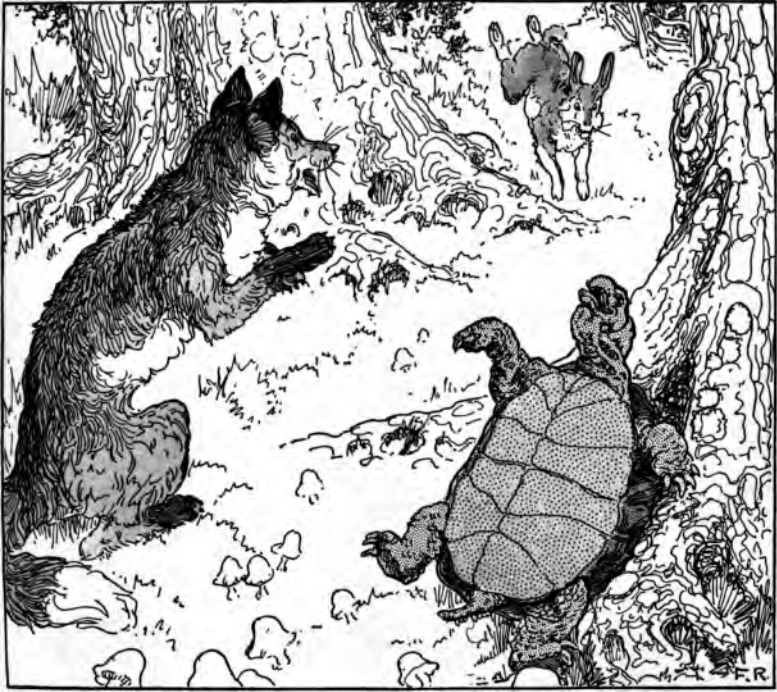
“Then I shall take a nap,  
for I wish Slow-but-Sure to see me  
when I win the race.”

So he ate the clover,  
and then he fell asleep.

He took a long nap.

Slow-but-Sure did not stop to rest.  
She plodded on and on  
while By-and-By was sleeping.

So she reached the oak tree first.



When By-and-By awoke  
he looked up and down the fields.

Then he ran to the tree,  
and there was the tortoise!

“Ah!” said Reynard the Fox,  
“Slow-but-Sure wins the race.”



## OVER IN THE MEADOW

Over in the meadow,  
In the sand, in the sun,  
Lived an old mother toad  
And her little toadie one.  
“Wink!” said the mother;  
“I wink,” said the one.  
So she winked and she blinked,  
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,  
Where the stream runs blue,  
Lived an old mother fish  
And her little fishes two.  
“Swim!” said the mother;  
“We swim,” said the two.  
So they swam and they leaped,  
Where the stream runs blue.



Over in the meadow,  
In a hole in a tree,  
Lived a mother bluebird  
And her little bluebirds three.  
“Sing!” said the mother;  
“We sing,” said the three.  
So they sang and were glad,  
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,  
In the reeds on the shore,  
Lived a mother muskrat  
And her little muskrats four.  
“Dive!” said the mother;  
“We dive,” said the four.  
So they dived and they burrowed,  
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,  
In a snug beehive,  
Lived a mother honeybee  
And her little honeys five.  
“Buzz!” said the mother;  
“We buzz,” said the five.  
So they buzzed and they hummed,  
In the snug beehive.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.





## TRADING BABIES

One fine day  
Sophie took her baby brother  
out for a walk.

She walked in the meadow  
till she met an old mother toad  
and her little toadie one.

She said to the toad,

“What will you give,  
What will you give,  
To trade for my baby dear?  
There is nothing so sweet,  
There is nothing so fair,  
Anywhere, far or near.”



“Can your baby wink and blink?”  
“My baby can not wink and blink.”  
“Then he is not so clever  
**a**s my baby toad,  
**f**or he can wink and blink.  
**S**o I do not wish to trade with you.”

Sophie walked in the meadow,  
where the stream runs blue.

Here lived an old mother fish  
and her little fishes two.



Sophie said to the fish,  
“What will you give,  
What will you give,  
To trade for my baby dear?  
There is nothing so sweet,  
There is nothing so fair,  
Anywhere, far or near.”

“Can your baby swim and leap?”

“My baby can not swim and leap.”

“Then he is not so clever

as my baby fishes,

for they can swim and leap.

So I do not wish to trade with you.”

And the fish swam away.

Then Sophie came to a big tree.

Here lived a mother bluebird

and her little bluebirds three.

She said to the mother bluebird,

“What will you give,

What will you give,

To trade for my baby dear?

There is nothing so sweet,

There is nothing so fair,

Anywhere, far or near.”



“Can your baby sing?”

“No, my baby can not sing.”

“Then he is not so clever

as my baby birds,

for they can sing.

So I do not wish to trade with you.”

And the bluebird flew away.

Sophie soon came to the reeds  
on the shore.

In the reeds on the shore  
lived a mother muskrat  
and her little muskrats four.

Sophie said to the mother muskrat,

“What will you give,

What will you give,

To trade for my baby dear?

There is nothing so sweet,

There is nothing so fair,

Anywhere, far or near.”

“Can your baby dive and burrow?”

“My baby can not dive and burrow.”

“Then he is not so clever  
as my baby rats,  
for they can dive and burrow.  
So I do not wish to trade with you.”

And the muskrat ran away.



Sophie then saw a snug beehive.  
Here lived a mother honeybee  
and her little honeys five.  
She said to the mother honeybee,  
“What will you give,  
What will you give,  
To trade for my baby dear?  
There is nothing so sweet,  
There is nothing so fair,  
Anywhere, far or near.”

The mother honeybee asked,  
“Can your baby buzz and hum?”  
“My baby can not buzz and hum.”  
“Then he is not so clever  
as my babies,  
for they can buzz and hum.  
So I do not wish to trade with you.”

The baby brother began to cry,  
and Sophie took him home.

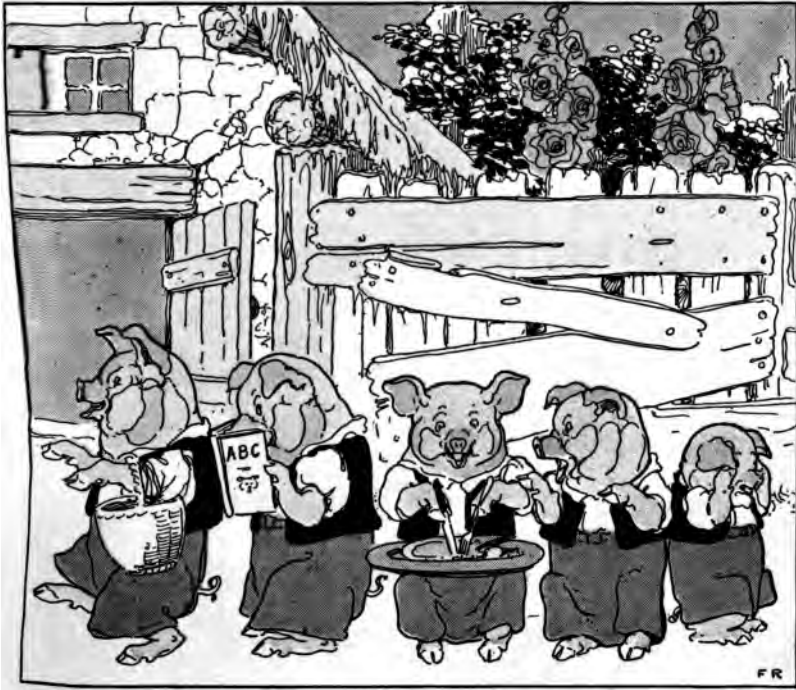
Sophie told her mother  
all about her walk in the meadow.





Then the mother  
took the baby and said,  
    “ We love him best,  
    We love him best,  
This dear baby brother fair.  
    There’s nothing so bright  
    As his pretty blue eyes,  
    Or soft as his golden hair.”





This little pig went to market ;  
This little pig stayed at home ;  
This little pig had roast beef ;  
This little pig had none ;  
This little pig cried, " Wee, wee,"  
All the way home .



## THE THREE PIGS

There was once a Mother Pig  
who had three little pigs.

One of them was named Big Pig.  
One was named Middle-sized Pig.

One was named Little Wee Pig.

One day Mother Pig  
said to her three little pigs,  
“ You must all go away  
and seek your fortune.”

“Very well, Mother dear,”  
said the three little pigs.

And away they went  
to seek their fortune.

Very soon Big Pig met a man  
with some straw.

“Please, Man, give me some straw  
to build a house,” he said.

“Very well, I will give you some.”

So Big Pig built his house of straw.

Very soon Mr. Wolf  
came to Big Pig's house.

He knocked at the door and said,  
“Little Pig, Little Pig,  
Let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair  
Of my chinny, chin, chin.”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff,  
And I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed,  
and he blew the house in,  
and he ate Big Pig.

Middle-sized Pig met a man  
with some wood.

“Please, Man, give me some wood  
to build a house,” he said.

“Very well, you may have some.’

So Middle-sized Pig  
built his house of wood.

Very soon Mr. Wolf  
came to Middle-sized Pig's house.

He knocked at the door and said,  
“ Little Pig, Little Pig,  
Let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair  
Of my chinny, chin, chin.”

“Then I'll huff, and I'll puff,  
And I'll blow your house in.”



So he huffed, and he puffed,  
and he blew the house in,  
and he ate Middle-sized Pig.

Little Wee Pig met a man  
with some bricks.



“Please, Man, give me some bricks to build a house,” he said.

“Very well, you may have some.”

So Little Wee Pig  
built his house of bricks.

Very soon Mr. Wolf  
came to Little Wee Pig’s house.

He knocked at the door and said,  
“Little Pig, Little Pig,  
Let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair  
Of my chinny, `chin, chin.”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff,  
And I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed,  
and he puffed, and he huffed,  
but he could not blow the house in.





Sophie then saw a snug beehive.  
Here lived a mother honeybee  
and her little honeys five.  
She said to the mother honeybee,  
“What will you give,  
What will you give,  
To trade for my baby dear?  
There is nothing so sweet,  
There is nothing so fair,  
Anywhere, far or near.”

The mother honeybee asked,  
“Can your baby buzz and hum?”  
“My baby can not buzz and hum.”  
“Then he is not so clever  
as my babies,  
for they can buzz and hum.  
So I do not wish to trade with you.”

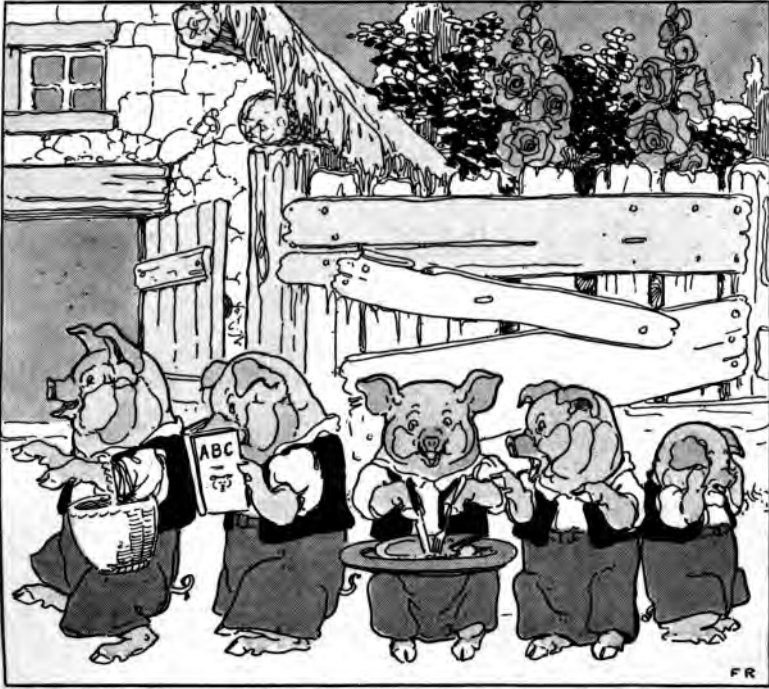
The baby brother began to cry,  
and Sophie took him home.

Sophie told her mother  
all about her walk in the meadow.



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This little pig had none;  
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said the three little pigs.

And away they went  
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“Very well, I will give you some.”

So Big Pig built his house of straw.

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He knocked at the door and said  
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Let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair  
Of my chinny, chin, chin.”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff,  
And I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed,  
and he blew the house in,  
and he ate Big Pig.

Middle-sized Pig met a man  
with some wood.

“Please, Man, give me some  
to build a house,” he said.

“Very well, you may have it.”  
So Middle-sized Pig  
built his house of wood.

Very soon Mr. Wolf  
came to Middle-sized Pig's house.

He knocked at the door and said,  
“Little Pig, Little Pig,  
Let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair  
Of my chinny, chin, chin.”

“Then I'll huff, and I'll puff,  
And I'll blow your house in.”





“How long will they stay there?”

“I do not know.

There is the Maid in the garden,  
hanging out the clothes.

Perhaps she can tell you.”



“How do you do, Maid!”  
called Jack Frost.  
“Will you tell me what happened  
to the four and twenty Blackbirds?”  
“I baked them in a pie.”  
“Did you open the pie?”  
“Yes, I did, and —  
    ‘When the pie was opened,  
    The birds began to sing.’”  
“Was the King frightened  
when the birds began to sing?”  
“Oh, no, indeed!  
The King only laughed and asked,  
‘Where is the Queen?’  
I told him,  
‘The Queen is in the parlor,  
Eating bread and honey.’

I went into the parlor.  
I told the Queen  
that the King had a surprise for her.

The Queen  
went to the counting house and asked,  
'Have you a surprise for me?'

The King showed the pie  
to the Queen.

The Queen said,  
'Wasn't that a dainty dish,  
To set before a King?'"

At that moment  
the four and twenty Blackbirds  
flew away from the King's castle.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jack Frost.  
"Now is my chance  
to turn them into Snowbirds."

So Jack Frost said,  
“Blow, North Wind, blow.”

The North Wind blew so hard  
that the Blackbirds turned white.

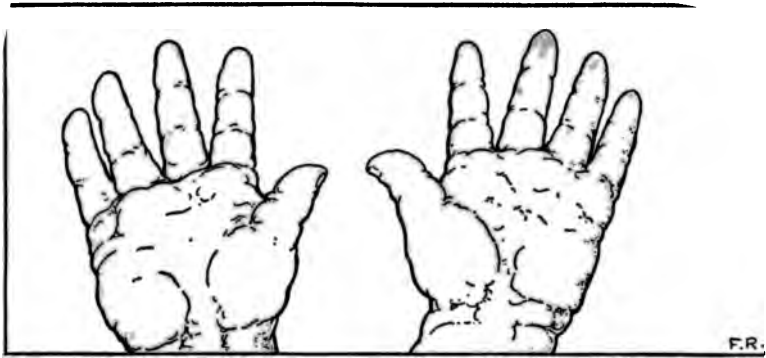
They were changed into Snowbirds.

All were changed but one little bird.

When he saw his brothers  
changed into Snowbirds,  
he was very angry.

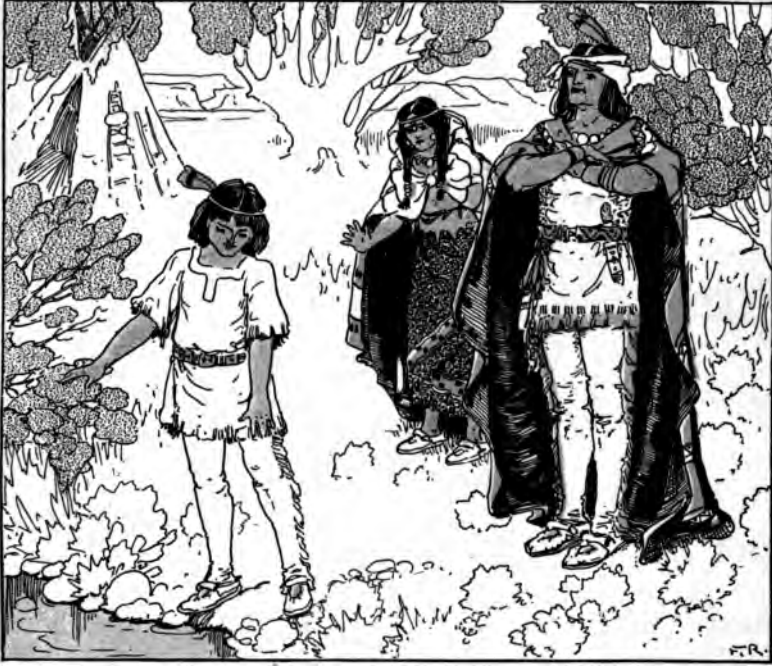
He thought that the Maid  
had sent the cold North Wind.  
So, — “Down came the blackbird  
And nipped off her nose.”





John Brown had a little Indian,  
John Brown had a little Indian,  
John Brown had a little Indian,  
    One little Indian boy.

One little, two little,  
                    three little Indian  
Four little, five little,  
                    six little Indians  
Seven little, eight little,  
                    nine little India  
    Ten little Indian boys.



## FOREST ROVER

Once upon a time,  
there was a little Indian boy,  
and his name was Forest Rover.

He lived in a wigwam  
with his father and mother.

On his birthday  
his mother gave him  
a coat and a pair of trousers,  
made of deerskin.

His father gave him  
a pair of beautiful red moccasins  
and a belt of beads.

Forest Rover  
put on his fine clothes  
and went for a walk in the forest.

By and by he saw a Bear.

He was very much frightened  
and started to run away.

The Bear saw Forest Rover  
and ran after him.

“Forest Rover,” he growled,  
“I am going to eat you.”



“Oh, please do not eat me!”

“What will you give me,  
if I do not eat you?”

“I will give you  
my beautiful deerskin coat.”

“If you will give me your coat,  
I will not eat you to-day.”

So the Bear put on the coat.

“What a fine coat this is!” he said.  
“I am the finest Bear in the forest.”



Forest Rover walked away,  
feeling very sad  
because he had lost his coat.

As he came to a big tree  
a second Bear stood behind it.

“Forest Rover,” he growled,  
“I am going to eat you.”

“Oh, please do not eat me!”

“What will you give me  
if I do not eat you?”

“I will give you  
my beautiful deerskin trousers.”

“If you will give me your trousers,  
I will not eat you to-day.”

The Bear put on the trousers, saying,  
“I am the finest Bear in the forest.”

Little Forest Rover walked away.

He felt very unhappy,  
because he had lost  
his beautiful trousers.

As he walked along  
he heard a fierce growl.

Forest Rover looked back,  
and there was a third Bear  
running after him.



“Forest Rover,” he growled,  
“I am going to eat you.”

“Oh, please do not eat me,  
and I will give you  
my beautiful red moccasins!”

“How can I use your moccasins?”

“You dance on your hind legs.  
Keep my moccasins  
for your dancing slippers.”

So the Bear put on the moccasins  
and began to dance.



He danced around the tree, saying,  
“ I am the finest Bear in the forest.”

Forest Rover saw a fourth Bear  
in the middle of the forest.

“Forest Rover,” he growled,  
“I am going to eat you.”

“Oh, please do not eat me,  
and I will give you  
my beautiful belt of beads!”

“How can I wear your belt of beads?  
I am too fat.”

“You can wear it for a bracelet.”

“So I can,” said the Bear.

He put on the belt for a bracelet  
and walked away.

“What a fine bracelet I have!  
I am the finest Bear in the forest.”

Forest Rover sat down on a rock.

He began to cry,  
because he had lost  
all his fine clothes.

At that moment  
his father, Fleet-of-Foot,  
came along with some Indians.

He said to Forest Rover,  
“Why do you cry, my son?”

“The Bears have taken away  
all my presents,”  
said Forest Rover.

“Do not cry,” said the father.  
“We will hunt those Bears  
with our bows and arrows.”

So all the Indians  
went to hunt the Bears.

When the Bears  
saw the Indians coming  
with their bows and arrows,  
they threw the presents away  
and ran to their cave  
in the rocks.

So Forest Rover  
put on all his fine clothes again  
and went back to the wigwam  
with Fleet-of-Foot.





## I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,  
A-sailing on the sea;  
And, oh! it was all laden  
With pretty things for thee!

There were candies in the cabin,  
And apples in the hold;  
The sails were made of silk,  
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors,  
That stood between the decks,  
Were four and twenty white mice,  
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,  
With a packet on his back;  
And when the ship began to move  
The captain said, "Quack, quack!"







## THE CLEVER JACKAL

A little Jackal lived near a river.  
One day he said,  
“Dear me! I am so hungry!  
I must find some crabs for dinner.”  
So he went  
to the bank of the river  
and put his paw into the water,  
to catch a crab.

And snap! a big Alligator  
had the paw in his mouth.

“Dear me!” thought the Jackal.  
“The big Alligator  
has my paw in his mouth.  
In a minute he will pull me down  
and eat me.

What shall I do? What shall I do?”

Then he said to the Alligator, “Ho, ho!  
kind Mr. Alligator,  
clever Mr. Alligator,  
to take those reeds for my paw!  
I hope that they taste good.”

“What a foolish mistake!”  
said Mr. Alligator.

So the Alligator opened his mouth  
and let the little Jackal go.

The little Jackal  
ran as fast as he could.

And as he ran, he called out,  
“Thank you, Mr. Alligator,  
kind Mr. Alligator.”

The Alligator lashed his tail  
and snapped his jaws.  
He was so very angry!

“What a foolish mistake,”  
said Mr. Alligator.

About a week later  
the little Jackal said again,  
“Dear me! I am so hungry!  
I must find some crabs for dinner.”

So he went to the bank of the river.  
He looked around for the Alligator  
but did not see him.

7

So he began to talk to himself.  
“When I do not see any crabs  
on the bank of the river,  
I often see them peep above the water,  
and then I put in my paw  
and catch them.”

Mr. Alligator was hiding in the mud.

“That is easy,” said he to himself.  
“I will put my nose above the water  
and pretend to be a little crab.”

The little Jackal took one look,  
then ran as fast as he could.

“Thank you, Mr. Alligator,  
kind Mr. Alligator,” he called.

The Alligator lashed his tail  
and snapped his jaws.  
He was so very angry!



It was two weeks  
before the little Jackal  
went to the bank of the river again.

He looked all around  
for the Alligator  
but did not find him.

“If I do not see any crabs  
on the bank of the river,”  
said the Jackal,  
“I often see them making bubbles  
which go puff, puff, puff.”

Then I put in my paw  
and catch them.”

“That is easy,” thought Mr. Alligator.  
“I will blow little crab bubbles,  
and the Jackal will put in his paw  
where I can get it.”

So the Alligator blew and blew,  
and great bubbles  
came to the top of the water.

The little Jackal took one look,  
then ran as fast as he could.

And as he ran he called out,  
“Thank you, Mr. Alligator,  
kind Mr. Alligator.”

The Alligator lashed his tail,  
snapped his jaws and said,  
“I will catch that Jackal yet.”

So one day  
he crawled over the ground  
till he came to the Jackal's house.

Then he went inside and hid.

When the Jackal came home  
he saw that the door was broken.

He called out,  
“Why don't you speak, little House?”

You know  
that you always speak to me  
when I come home.”

“I will speak softly,” said Mr. Alligator,  
“and pretend to be the little House.”

“Hello, Jackal!”

How frightened the Jackal was!

“It is Mr. Alligator.

What shall I do?” he thought.

Then he said,  
“Thank you, little House.  
I will be with you in a minute.  
I must get some wood  
and make a fire for dinner.”

So the Jackal went and gathered wood,  
and more wood, and still more wood.

He piled it up against the door  
and all around the house.

Then he set fire to the wood.

It burned, and burned,  
and smoked, and smoked.

The Alligator could not get away.

He lashed his tail  
and snapped his jaws.

He was so very angry!

But he could not get away.





Next morning the Jackal  
looked for the Alligator.

All that he found  
was his leather coat.



## MOTHER GOOSE'S MAY PARTY

Once upon a time,  
Mother Goose invited all her children  
to a May Party.

Jill was Queen of the May.

Jack was King of the May.

Jack wore a crown on his head.

Jill wore a crown, too.

Little Jack Horner  
carried the May Pole.

Marjory Daw and Humpty Dumpty  
marched beside the May Pole.

They carried the pink ribbons.

Little Bo Peep and Tommy Tucker  
marched beside the May Pole, too.

They carried the blue ribbons.

All the children  
wore pink and blue caps.

They marched  
to the house in the woods, singing,

“Mother Goose had a house.

’T was built in a wood,  
Where an owl at the door  
For sentinel stood.”



“Now let us play some games,”  
said Mother Goose.

“Oh, yes, let us play some games,”  
said the children.

“Play Jack be Nimble,”  
said Mother Goose.

So they played Jack be Nimble.  
They played other games, too.

Then it was time for the party.  
Mother Goose said,

“Polly put the kettle on,  
Polly put the kettle on,  
Polly put the kettle on,  
And we’ll all take tea.”

Little Tommy Tucker  
sang for his supper.

The pieman gave some pies  
to Simple Simon,  
for the party.

Little Jack Horner said,  
“Please give me a plum pie.”

Mother Goose gave him a plum pie.  
“He put in his thumb  
and pulled out a plum.”

“The Queen of Hearts  
She made some tarts”  
and brought them to the party.

The Queen of Hearts  
gave each child a tart.

The Little Pig  
brought some roast beef  
from the market.

The children ate, and ate, and ate.

Then Mother Goose said,  
“Let us dance around the May Pole.”

Little Jack Horner  
went to Mistress Mary and said,  
“Will you dance with me?”

But Mistress Mary  
was quite contrary and said,  
“No, thank you, I do not wish to dance.”



Marjory Daw and Humpty Dumpty  
danced together.

Little Bo Peep and Tommy Tucker  
danced together.

The children  
danced around the May Pole,  
singing,

“Dance to your daddy,  
My little babby;  
Dance to your daddy,  
My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy  
In a little dishy;  
You shall have a fishy  
When the boat comes in.”



Then Mother Goose said,  
“Let us have a race down the hill  
before going home.”

So they raced down the hill.

Jack led the race.

“Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.”

“It is time for you to go, children,”  
said Mother Goose,  
“for I must take my ride.”

“Very well,” said the children.

They thanked Mother Goose  
for the party,  
and said, “Good-by.”

Then they marched home again.

Mother Goose went to her house  
and called her Gander.



“Old Mother Goose, when  
She wanted to wander,  
Would ride through the air  
On a very fine Gander.

She went to her house,  
And caught Gander soon,  
And mounting his back,  
Flew up to the moon.”



## THE ALPHABET

**A** is for Alice,  
who likes apples red.

**B** is for Bessie,  
who won't go to bed.

A a                      B b

**C** is for Charles,  
who a captain was once.

**D** is for Dick,  
who was never a dunce.

C c                      D d

**E**

is for Elmer,  
and for elephant big.

**F**

is for Frank,  
who ate a ripe fig.

E e

F f

**G**

is for George,  
who rode on a goat.

**H**

is for Harry,  
and his hound in a boat.

G g

H h

**I**

is for Ida,  
who slides on the ice.

**J**

is for Jessie,  
who thinks jelly nice.

I i

J j

**K**

is for Kate,  
who can fly a kite.

**L**

is for Laura,  
who saw a bright light.

K k

L l

**M**

is for Minnie,  
who owned a big mill.

**N**

is for Nellie,  
who found nuts on a hill.

M m

N n

**O**

is for Olive,  
whose orange was round.

**P**

is for Paul,  
whose penny was found.

O o

P p

Q is for Queenie,  
who likes to eat quail.

R is for Ralph,  
who walks on a rail.

Q q R r

S is for Stella,  
who likes sugar sweet.

T is for Thomas,  
who has tarts to eat.

S s T t

U is for Una,  
with an urn and a fan.

V is for Vera,  
and valley and van.

U u V v

**W** is for William,  
who saw a big whale.

**X** is for Xerxes,  
who expected to sail.

W w            X x

**Y** is for Yetta,  
who stands under a yew.

**Z** is for Zella,  
and zebra, and zoo.

Y y            Z z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m

n o p q r s t u v w x y z

A B C D E F G H I J K L M

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

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